

CUMBERLAND'S

No. 106. MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.
BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

JOCONDE;

OR, THE FESTIVAL OF THE ROSIERE:
A MUSICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS,

By W. T. MONCRIEFF, Esq.
Author of *The Somnambulist*. *Monsieur Tenson*, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

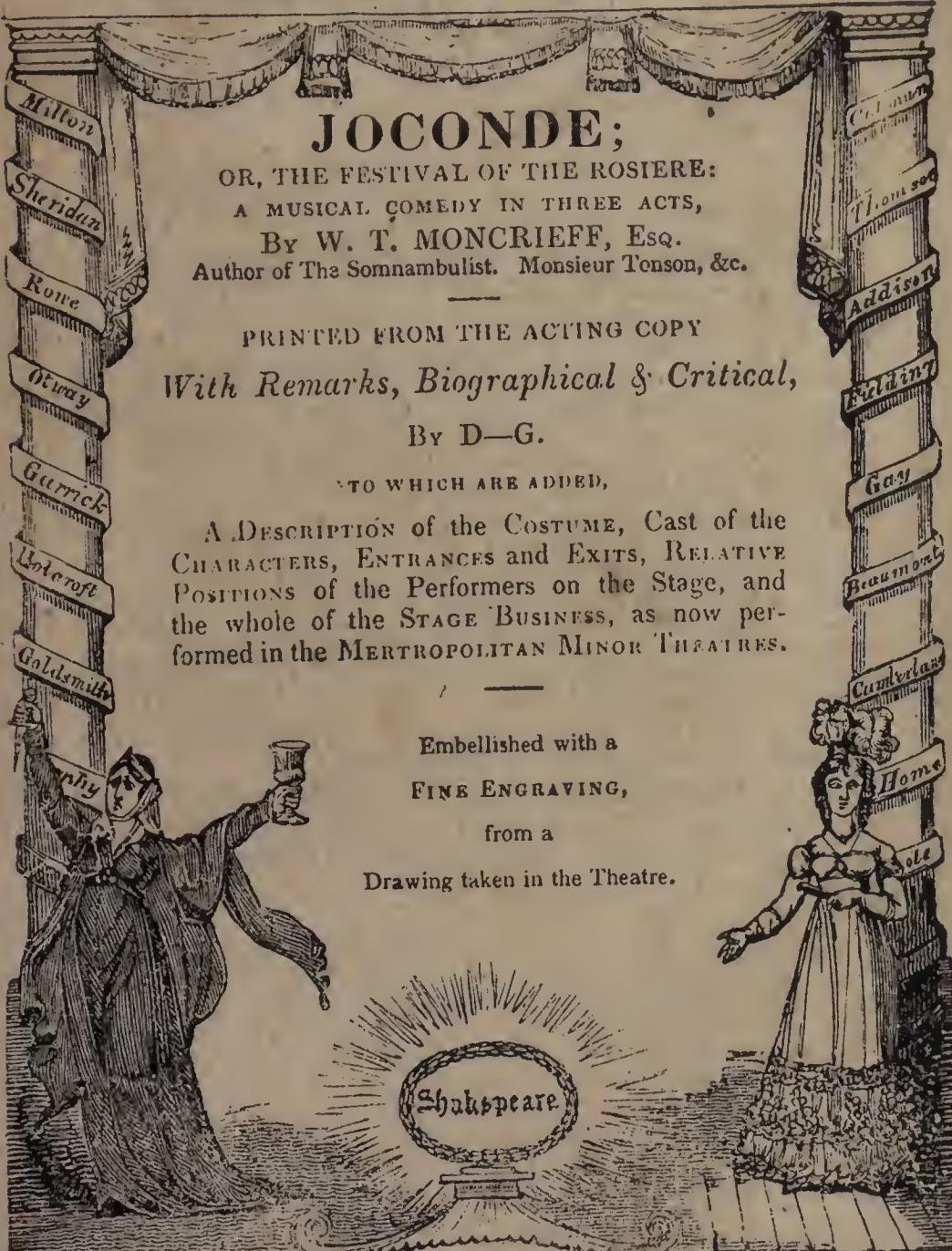
A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS of the PERFORMERS on the Stage, and the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a

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from a

Drawing taken in the Theatre.



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Joconde.

Jeannette. Dear, your honours! you'll eat my hand up!

Act II. Scene 1.

JOCONDE;
OR, THE FESTIVAL OF THE ROSIERE:
A MUSICAL COMEDY,
In Three Acts,
BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

*Author of Monsieur Tonson, Eugene Aram, Giovanni in London, Rochester,
The Spectre Bridegroom, Somnambulist, All at Coventry, Cataract of
the Ganges, The Lear of Private Life, Shakespeare's Festival,
Tom and Jerry, Beggar of Cripplegate, Van Diemen's
Land, The Diamond Arrow, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
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REMARKS.

Hoconde.

“*La Belle France*” and “*Merrie England*” were the titles by which these two powerful countries were distinguished in the olden time. The vine-covered hills of France were the scene of song, dance, and minstrelsy; and wakes, bride-ales, and May-games, were among the many periodical festivals that welcomed the seasons in their harmonious round, and won the appellation of “merrie” from our jovial-hearted ancestors. The demon of revolution quenched the last dim spark of French chivalry, for it made men robbers and assassins; and, while it inspired its votaries with a furious joy, similar to that which animated the weird sisters when “good kings bleed,” destroyed all relish for virtuous emulation and social happiness. To puritanism, politics, and chilling philosophy, England owes the decay of her ancient pastimes, and the growth of that insipid uniformity of character, and sordid utilitarian economy, which have produced our modern stupefaction of intellect and confusion of knowledge.—France—thanks to the buoyant and elastic temperament of the people!—was more consistent than her saturnine neighbour. While the revolution was raging with all its fury, her theatres were crowded, and religion and decency publicly abjured; but in England, the sanguinary scene was rendered doubly dismal by the absence of all mirthful stimulants—by the mummary of pretended sanctity; and, while the axe fell on the neck of her royal martyr, and the

bravest and noblest of her blood bathed her ungrateful soil, the conventicles echoed with the “devout breathings” of the morose and hypocritical traitors, glorifying the God of Mercy for their foul deeds, and craving a blessing on meditated murders ! The remains of old customs and happier times are occasionally to be seen in France to this day ; but the traveller in England will look in vain for a remnant of her ancient festivities in his forlorn pilgrimage. For how many faces that scowl on him gloomy and discontented, will he behold one that smiles with conscious rectitude, serene and happy !

The institution of the Rosière, one of the festive remains of old France, is of very remote antiquity ; that of Salency, according to tradition, was founded by St. Mé-dard, in the fifth century. The Rosière of Surène was instituted in 1778 by the amiable Abbé d'Heliot ; and originally consisted of a coronet of roses and a dower of three hundred francs, to be given to the most virtuous maiden in the village ; the choice to be determined by the elders of the village, over whom the Curé and the Maire were to preside by turns. This fête is yearly celebrated on the first Sunday after St. Louis ; at the same time, the elders name two younger lasses, whose exemplary conduct has entitled them to this distinction, as *Rosettes*, or future candidates for the crown. These accompany the Rosière at her coronation, and are seated by her side. Such are the salutary effects of virtuous emulation in the minds of the young ! The accursed revolution robbed the pleasant village of Surène of this well-bestowed portion : the scaffold and the *Lanterne* became the only objects of attraction ; and the sacred temple in which the fête was held, renowned for being the actual scene of the conferences of 1595, that were to bring about the resignation of Henri Quatre, was desecrated by the infuriated brawlings of the regicides, and, like some of our glorious cathedrals during Cromwell's usurpation, made a stable for the horses of the revolutionary troopers ! In the year 1804, a young mar-

ried couple, colonists from the Isle of France, Mons. and Mad. Desbassins, residing on the Green of Surênc, having lost their only child, resolved, ere their final departure from the scene of so many pleasing yet mournful recollections, to re-establish the fête of the Rosière. Their darling Camille having been buried on Mount Valérien, which overhangs the church, they ordained that, on the yearly celebration of this fête, after the “*messe des anges*,” the clergy, citizens, and lasses of the village should go in procession to their daughter’s tomb, and pluck from the rose-trees by which it was surrounded, roses sufficient to form the crown; that the ribbon which served to tie them should be black; and that the first girl born of the Rosière after her marriage should be named Camille, in remembrance of her they had lost. These terms, full of tender, romantic, and pious feeling, were joyfully accepted by the inhabitants of the village. Thus, out of an event so mournful and affecting, grew the revival of an institution that makes thousands of young hearts happy, conduces to the practice of virtue, and pays a delicate and appropriate tribute to innocence and the tomb.

The custom of planting flowers over the graves of departed friends is beautiful and humane. Talk of the foppery of French churchyards! Compare the solemn cypress groves and enamelled parterres of Pere la Chaise with the dank, reeking charnel-houses of London and its vicinity! This custom was once prevalent in England; and Montgomery (*James*), in one of his poems, gives a charming description of the effects of sunshine after a shower, in the lovely-planted groves of a Moravian burying-ground. The French epitaphs are exquisitely simple: “*Ici repose*” contrasts strangely with the nauseous burlesque that blazons forth the posthumous virtues—the “loving father,” “pious christian,” and “honest man,” of some wretch that “stunk alive,” and thus, by a poetical transfiguration, “becomes a precious mummy dead!”

The plot of Joconde, in which the original adapter has

skilfully interwoven the fêté of the Rosière, bears some affinity to the excursion of King Schahzenan and the Sultan Schahriar, in the Arabian Nights. The story, with infinite variations, has passed from the early Italian novelists, the Anglo-Norman minstrels, and the Provençal troubadours, to the immortal Boccacio and La Fontaine. The Italian and French stages are indebted to it for innumerable operas, ballets, &c.; and among the most celebrated are "*Cosi fan Tutti*," with Mozart's music, and Monsieur Etienne's comic opera of "*Joconde, ou les Coureurs d'Aventures*"; from which Mr. Moncrieff has in part borrowed the present comedy. "*Intrigue*," by Mr. Poole, and "*Philandering*," by Mr. Beazley, are also derived from the same source. The author relates, that having become the manager of a provincial theatre in his nonage, and being desirous of opening it with something new, he commenced dramatising the present story, the incidents of which he had seen in a ballet at the King's Theatre, called "*Le Prince Troubadour*." So pushed was he, however, for time, that he was unable to make a perfect transcript of his piece, but wrote out the parts from his mental copy, and distributed them among the actors! These *disjecta membra poetæ*, had not Mr. Davidge kindly put them together, would have been lost to the world.

Joconde is agreeably written; the songs are well adapted to the popular French airs; and the characters and incidents are so lively and bustling, that they must always ensure it a favourable reception on the stage.



D.—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have been acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observation, during the most recent performances.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*, C. D. F. or M. D. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R. D. F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L. D. F. *Left Door in the Flat, or the Scene running across the back of the Stage*; R. S. E. *Right Second Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*, L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

Cast of the Characters.

As originally sustained at the Olympic Theatre.

Prince,	Mr. Baker.
Joconde,	Mr. Wrench.
Baillie,	Mr. Oxberry.
Lucas,	Mr. Sloman.
Bertrand,	Mr. G. Smith.
Countess,	Mrs. Edwin.
Edile,	Miss Phillips.
Jeannette,	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

Servants, Villagers, &c. Messrs Brown, Jones, Robinson, &c.

Costume.

THE PRINCE.—*First Dress*—White silk shape and trunks, slashed with crimson and gold; silk stockings and shoes, jewelled rosettes; crimson velvet mantle, lined with ermine; ducal hat, diamond button and loop, rich plume of feathers. *Second Dress*—Grey cloth shape and trunks, slashed with pink; russet boots; dark cloak; plain hat and feathers; silk scarf.

JOCONDE.—*First Dress*—White silk shape and trunks, slashed with blue and silver; white silk stockings and shoes, jewelled rosettes; purple velvet mantle; white satin hat, diamond button and loop, plume of feathers. *Second Dress*—Same as the Prince's.

BAILLIE.—Black velvet shape and trunks, slashed with white; jet tags; black silk stockings, red clocks; high shoes, paste buckles; official hat, and cloak.

LUCAS.—Undress French Hussar's dress.

BERTRAND.—Brown doublet and jerkin; orange lappels, blue stockings; worsted hat, and band.

SERVANTS, VILLAGERS, &c.—Various coloured stuff doublets and jerkins.

THE COUNTESS.—*First Dress*—Rich white satin dress; stomacher ornamented with gold and jewelled; white satin hat and ostrich feathers, jewelled band; mantle and train of purple and gold. *Second Dress*—Dark stuff gipsy hood and gown; cloak of the same.

EDILE.—*First Dress*—White satin dress; ornamented stomacher; hat and feathers; mantle and train, light blue silk and silver.—*Second Dress*—Same as that of the Countess.

JEANNETTE.—*First Dress*—Green hoddice; black silk apron, fancy skirt; hat and ribbons. *Second Dress*—Plain white muslin; pink trimmings.

VILLAGERS.—Stuff dresses—various colours; country hats, hoddices, &c.

JOCONDE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*The stage represents the interior of a grand Saloon in the Palace of the Countess of Martigue, which a number of domestics are engaged in decorating: &c.*

Enter BERTRAND, L.

AIR and CHORUS.—BERTRAND and SERVANTS.

AIR.—“Full of Paris.”

Odds my life tho' done so hasty,
Sure the place looks wondrous tasty ;
How I like those wreathes of roses,
And those charming posies,
Doubt not those you've toil'd to please,
With store of gold will gladly ease
Your care and pains, this happy day,
Which yields our ladies to love's sway.

Hark, hark ! I hear them—yes, they come,
Off! off! you rogues—make room, make room,
The prince will, with Joconde his friend,
Soon come, their cares to end.
Not a soul must then be by,
'Twere death their raptures to espy.
Even I must haste away,
Tho' l'd give the world to stay,
To hear their sweets, their dears, their loves,
Their darlings, ducks, and doves,
Yes, yes, I hear them—see, they come,
Off! off! you rogues—make room, make room.

CHORUS.—SERVANTS.

We do but hear, and we obey,
So master Seneschal, good-day.

Ber. Away ! away !

Ser. Good-day, good-day

Ber. Away ! away ! away .

[*Exeunt Servants, R.*

Ber Aye, aye; away with you boys, and I'll soon follow you. I have enough to do, heaven knows; our ladies have resolved to-day to bestow on the Prince and his friend Joconde, those long wished-for gifts, which will announce their consents to an immediate union; therefore the ceremony will take place directly, for the bridegrooms are too high mettled to suffer any delay on their parts; yes, yes, I shall have every thing to get ready—Oh, here they come, let me away. [Exeunt, R.

Enter MATHILDE and EDILE, C. F.

DUETTO.

AIR.—“*Dans un Delire extreme.*”

How bright, how calm, how pure,
Our nuptial morning breaks;
Heaven smiles upon our union sure,
When such a day it wakes.
Oh! morn of smiles and sighs,
May you an omen be;
And may each morning rise,
As bright and pure as thee.
As free from each annoy,
As hope-fraught and as calm,
For all thy sighs are sighs of joy,
Thy tears are tears of balm.

Edile. Heigho! would you believe it, Countess, but now that the moment approaches, which is to consummate all my wishes, to crown all my hopes, I tremble! I fear a thousand things, and wish this day, so long desired, were distant.—

Math. [archly.] How long, Edile?

Edile [with a sigh.] Not very long, yet still I wish it distant.

Math. But why, Edile? why should you wish the day distant that is to yield to your wishes, a lover, young, noble, handsome, and accomplished! a lover for whom all the women in France are dying?

Edile. Oh! Mathilde, those very attractions are the causes of my alarm; you know the notorious gallantry of Joconde, his gaiety, his fickleness! combined together, may they not soon estrange him from me? I do not doubt the sincerity of his present passion, but doubt

its continuance, and wish still further to try a constancy on which depends my future happiness.

Math. Dearest Edile, how rejoiced am I to hear you speak thus, such are exactly my sentiments towards the Prince, though I have hitherto been fearful of giving them utterance. They approach; to try their sincerity, let us appear to doubt it; at the moment we are about to bestow them, let us refuse the gifts with which we resign our liberty; and demand further proofs of their constancy, 'ere we consent to reward it! from their subsequent conduct, if we lye in ambush for them, we can soon discover the depth of their affection, and either bless or punish it as we find occasion.

Edile. It shall be so, Countess.

Enter JOCONDE and the PRINCE, L.

Joc. Good-morrow to the lovely subjects of our nightly visions; the sweetest airs of morning breathe to salute the bright objects of our wishes, the pure hopes of our hearts.

Prince. Thus kneeling at your feet, we solicit those gifts, the long desired precursors of others, whose value is inestimable.

Math. Prince, Joconde, do we not act rashly in so easily, so readily yielding up the prize of our charms?

Edile. Should we not have stronger proof of your sincerity? will not the world censure our want of caution?

Math. Most surely it will; therefore, however it may pain us and you, prudence compels us for awhile to forego our happiness,—prove but a little longer constant and kind, and never shall you find us otherwise.

Joc. [aside.] Confusion!—but you cannot be so cruel, Edile my love! you will not in one moment plunge me from the brightest heights of rapture, to the darkest depths of despair? No, it is impossible!

Edile. However painful, Joconde we must abide by our determination.

Prince. Countess, Mathilde! I conjure, I implore you to abandon such a rash resolve; reflect 'ere you decide, remember, you either bestow on me mercy or madness; for I cannot live under a disappointment so terrible! Is this your resolution?

Math. It is!

Joc. And yours, Edile!

Edile. Most certainly!

Joc. Then farewell happiness, perhaps for ever!

Edile. Allow us to retire for awhile; the pain of a trial, which nothing but it's necessity would tempt us to impose on our lovers, overcomes us. In the solitude of our chambers we shall find relief.

[*Exeunt Mathilde and Edile, R.—but shortly after reappear, and remain unobserved in the back ground.*

Prince. Joconde, my friend, what are we to think of this? how should we regard it?

Joc. Only as another proof of the pure virtue of our charming mistresses.

Prince. Proof!—the proof seems to be required on our side: they doubt our constancy, and wish to put us to the trial! I'm tortured!—I'm distracted! to be disappointed on my wedding day!—zounds! it's more than flesh and blood can bear!

Joc. I feel the disappointment, Prince, as poignantly as yourself; methinks with lovers like us, they might have been a little less rigorous.

Prince. Jealousy takes possession of my soul; I could almost think Mathilde cannot truly love me, or she never would inflict such anguish on me; but then, did I not carry her off from a crowd of lovers?

Joc. Yes; but all of them of inferior rank to yourself.

Prince. What is it you mean, Joconde?

Joc. Nothing; only I have two or three times thought it was your title, and not yourself she was enamoured with; very likely she may have proposed this to Edile, at the instance of some more favoured lover.

Prince. Nay, for that matter, Joconde, Edile may have proposed it to her for the very same reason.

Joc. Oh, no, Prince, I have no title to attract the woman with; I stand on my own simple merit, have only my own poor person, and what few accomplishments the world has given me credit for to back my suit!

Prince. Well, if you had no title, you had no opponents; for it was well-known Edile had no lovers save yourself.

Joc. Notwithstanding that, I stake my life on her fidelity.

Prince. Then I cannot say I should like to insure your life; the policy would soon be out, were a prince to offer himself!—

Joc. It would be of very little use where Joconde had been.

Prince. You flatter yourself.

Joc. Try then, and I'll see at the same time what your Mathilde is made of.

Prince. O! with all my heart; a bad taste is not to be numbered, I believe, among her faults; she has preception; she is not blind to the graces of dignity and rank.

Joc. Agreed then; they have put us to the trial, and cannot grumble at our serving them the same; let us instantly in search of them. I will court your Mathilde, and you shall attack my Edile; I do not fear defeat either way.

Prince. Be it so; we will not lose a moment in convincing ourselves. [Exeunt *Joconde*, R.—*Prince*, L.

MATHILDE and EDILE come forward from behind.

Math. So a very pretty plot they have laid; it proves, however, the rogues love us;—to try them further, do you Edile appear to yield to the Prince—I'll do the same to *Joconde*;—we must punish them a little, for daring to doubt us.

Edile. They are two very pretty swains, upon my word;—you love the prince merely for his title!—

Math. And you accept *Joconde* merely for want of a better!—we are to be put to the ordeal—tried like children with a basket of sweetmeats;—away, *Joconde* returns; I shall meet him here, you in the meantime can encounter the Prince, and it is strange if we can't punish these gentlemen as they deserve. [Exit *Edile*, L.

Enter *JOCONDE*, R.

Joc. Ha! the Countess! this is indeed apropos. How it rejoices me, lovely lady, to find you alone;—heaven knows I have too long wished for such an opportunity;—I come to disclose to you all my madness—my misery: my heart is burthened with a secret I must reveal, or perish in concealing. You think I love *Edile*?

Math. As surely as I think the Prince loves me.

Joc. In both you are mistaken; nay, start not, you Countess, are the object of *my* choice, as *Edile* is of *his*!—I would have disclosed myself long ago, but your rank, my friendship for the Prince, all seemed to forbid it; yet now, in spite of all my efforts, my passion blazes out and betrays itself;—it burns! it rages! it destroys!—unless you pity me, I am irrevocably lost!

Math. What do I hear?

Joc. The eternal vows of constancy of one who adores you to distraction—who cannot live without you ;—this may be madness, I know it ; but it is the madness of passion, and what woman would not forgive that ?—thus on my knee let me solicit your compassion—your mercy ; my existence is in your hands,—one word from you destroys or blesses me ; come, come, you must not, you cannot be hard-hearted ;—that scarf, it is the token of hope ; it would raise my heart to Heaven.

Math. This warmth—this fervour,—Joconde, how can I resist it ? Yet my obligations to the Prince—

Joc. Are nugatory ; you acted wisely this morning in doubting us ; we were neither of us sincere,—I can carry on the deception no longer ;—he is as fond of Edile as I am of you ;—do not be cruel, that scarf would bless—would transport me ; I might then hope and live !—

Math. I cannot give it.

Joc. But I can *take* it ; nay, lovely charming Countess ! you must not, you shall not refuse me,—you smile consent. [*takes the scarf.*] It is mine ! Victoria ! Victoria ! I indeed am blest ; poor Lysander—fortunate Joconde. [aside.]

Math. My safety lies in flight ;—farewell Joconde, irresistible Joconde. [*Exeunt Mathilde,* R.]

Joc. Yes, I fancy there's few women could be cruel to me ; she has yielded ;—it was a matter of course,—I have the scarf,—it is no more than I expected ;—what a thing it is people will have such a cursed good opinion of themselves ; now there's the Prince, who really is an uncommonly sensible fellow in some things,—when it comes to love, is so unaccountably conceited, he thinks no woman can resist him ; he is certainly passable enough, and might succeed when no one of superior attractions offered himself ; but when that is the case, he stands no chance ; oh, here he comes,—eh ! why how confoundedly embarrassed he looks ;—half suspects, perhaps, my success, or is mortified at Edile's refusal ; yes, that's it.

Enter PRINCE, L.

Prince. [aside.] There he is, poor fellow, little dreaming that the Edile, he thought doated on him, has given me the locket she this morning refused to his entreaties, his prayers.—What the devil shall I say to him ? I must break it out somehow ;—it's really a delicate subject.

Joc. [aside.] Upon my soul, I hav'nt the heart to tell

him, although its nothing more than I expected. It certainly is extremely painful, yet I must do it.

Prince. [aside.] He fears some mischief undoubtedly by his embarrassed manner ; he's afraid, no doubt, to ask me my success ;—I warrant Mathilde gave him a rare repulse.

Joc. [aside.] I must tell him, so here goes at once ;—well, Prince, I have seen Mathilde, and—and—

Prince. [aside.] Ah, poor fellow, I knew how it was ; well, and—come, come, out with it at once ; you found her a pattern of perfection ; she indignantly spurned you from her presence ; loaded you with all manner of reproaches, and proved that her heart was mine alone ; I knew it would be so, I was certain of it.

Joc. Ah, my friend, in this deceitful world, it is best not to be certain of any thing.

Prince. What do you mean ?

Joc. Woman, my Prince, will be woman ; it's the nature of the sex to be inconstant,—their smiles are deceitful as the skies of April ! and it is the part of a wise man to arm himself with fortitude, and rise superior to their falsehood ;—alas ! but rarely do we find one truly sincere ;—for one Edile, there are at least fifty Mathilde's.

Prince. Mathilde ! confusion ! Joconde, you play with me ; you forget what is due to our friendship and my rank !—but I am not to be sported with, Sir ; what is it you would insinuate ? [*armly.*]

Joc. O, since it comes to that, merely this ; that Mathilde, instead of being as you supposed, desperately in love with you, does'nt care a fig for you ; in a word, prefers my little finger to you, and your whole principality. I am sorry to be so abrupt, but you force it from me ;—I would have disclosed it more delicately, but your warmth, your haste, forbade it. It is distressing I own—

Prince. Distressing ! it is false, Sir ! you slander her ! I must have proof ;—she would not give you the slightest encouragement.

Joc. No ; but she gave me this *scarf* though ; you know this scarf ; [*shows scarf.*] the one she refused you this morning ; a pretty scarf isn't it ? do you want any further proofs ? if you do, only speak the word, you shall have fifty in five minutes ;—she can refuse me nothing ;—it is painful for me, Prince, to blight your hopes thus ; but you know my dear fellow you desired it ; it was your own fault ; I can assure you, I scarcely said a civil thing to her ;—she threw herself into my arms at the very first word.

Prince. Enough, enough ; I am somewhat unsettled,—treacherous Mathilde ;—he has used some damned arts with her ; but thank heaven I can revenge myself,—yes, I'll retaliate upon the sneering puppy. [aside.] Joconde, my friend, I was overpowered for the moment,—your tidings were rather unexpected, but is over now. As you well observed, it is the duty of a wise man to summon fortitude to his aid.—

Joc. Certainly ; and besides we must not expect every woman to be an Edile.

Prince. You, I hope, are plentifully provided with that article.

Joc. Oh, yes, I always have a stock by me, ready for all occasions, so that, had your success been different to what it has been,—had Edile proved as faithless as the Countess, I should have heard it with the most perfect indifference.

Prince. My dear friend, how happy I am to hear you speak thus ;—what a world of distress it will save me ! for tho' it is painful to blight a friend's hopes, yet I cannot consistent with my duty, Joconde, conceal from you, that woman will be woman ; that it is the nature of the sex to be deceitful ! that their smiles are as false as April skies, and that wise men will summon fortitude to their aid, and—and—you know the rest.

Joc. Why, what the devil do you mean ?

Prince. Nothing ; only that your Edile is not blind to the merits of a Prince, nor deaf to his entreaties ; and that a man may sometimes deceive himself, and fancy a woman to be desperately in love with him, when she does'nt care if he were hanged to-morrow.

Joc. Why surely Edile can't have——

Prince. Don't frighten yourself, I didn't carry matters to extremity, I merely contented myself with taking half a dozen kisses, and this little *locket*—you know this *locket*, [shows *locket*.] don't you ? it was the one she refused you this morning.

Joc. Treacherous woman !—faithless, cruel, perjured Edile !

Prince. My dear fellow, don't let it overcome you,—fortitude, fortitude, you know is your only specific in cases of this nature.

Joc. I am rightly served ; but I will fly these hated scenes of falsehood and inconstancy ;—swear an eternal hatred to the sex—get a beard, a scull, and a cross, some

dry crusts, and a little spring water,—plunge into the deepest solitudes of some gloomy forest, and turn hermit!

Prince. Ha! ha! ha! the gay handsome Joconde turn hermit;—you'll have a great many *female* penitents visit your cell;—now I will do better; I will act more wisely! I will swear a perpetual love to the sex;—yes, I'll make love to them all: maids, wives, and widows, and as they have deceived me, so will I deceive them! yes, by all powerful Cupid!—I will become a votary of pleasure!—I will assume the disguise of a wandering troubadour, and like a summer-bee, making sweet music as I rove along, I'll sip honey from every flower that rises in my path to greet me. Come, Joconde, forswear turning hermit and join me in my holy pilgrimage;—you'll find it more genial to your habits, and more pleasant to yourself.

Joc. I am content; it shall be so;—I'll aid you in your laudable designs with the most religious zeal, and forget in the arms of another, the beauties of her whom I feel I still love, even though I cease to esteem; come, brother, in misfortune—partner in care, let us hasten to prepare for our departure; this way—

Prince. Nay, I'll meet you here anon; I have some business with my page—three words will settle it, then to commence our pilgrimage of pleasure, and forget the faithless of women in their beauties. [Exit, L.

Joc. Agreed; do not be long; I pant to leave these scenes of guilt, for those of innocence; and make this fair but faithless sex, join in inflicting their own punishment.

[Exit, R.

COUNTESS and EDILE come forward, c. F.

Math. A very pious and praise-worthy resolution, truly.

Edile. Yes, it is, but it won't be quite complete unless we join in it; what say you, Countess? shall we follow these rebels? give them disguise for disguise?

Math. Most surely we will, Edile; we will disguise ourselves as gipsies and attend the footsteps of these wandering troubadours.

Edile. Excellent!—watch their tricks, and foil them too; no doubt they'll play some pretty pranks,—but they return.

[*Edile and Countess retire.*

Re-enter PRINCE and JOCONDE, R.— and L.

Joc. Now, Prince!

Prince. Now, Joconde!

Joc. Let us leave these detested halls, where splendour only serves to cover guilt ; hasten to the country and enjoy all the charms of innocence and variety.

QUARTETTO. (*Omnes.*)

AIR.—“ *Le Petit Tambour.*”

PRINCE and JOCONDE.

From these dark scenes of falsehood away,
Where love but speaks fair to betray;
To the country's blest solitudes let us depart,
Its shades a soft balm shall impart !

We'll like bees seek the bowers of beauty,
And there to revenge slighted duty ;
We'll sip every flower and fly every hour,
Till with tears they acknowledge our power.

MATHILDE and EDILE. (*aside.*)

Ah, traitors ! soon we on the wing,
Will warn beauty's flowers you can sting ;
That you hum but to fly, to deceive them you sigh,
That you'll leave them deserted to die !

(*Omnes.*)

From these dark scenes of falsehood away,
Retribution no longer delay ;
To the country's blest solitudes let us depart,
And with nature avenge perjured art.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Part of the village of Martigue ; Jeannette's cottage stands R. S. E. Le Ronde's dwelling L. S. E. at each side of the stage are two arbours, and at the back of the stage a large tree; entrances to the village on either side at the back.—Enter Villagers, who groupe themselves under Jeannette's window.*

CHORUS.—VILLAGERS.

AIR.—“ *Marlbrook.*”

Awake this happy day, friends,
Gives the Rosière's prize away, friends,
No longer then delay friends,
Seize pleasure while we may.
The purest the prize will get,
And who so pure as Jeannette.
Arouse our queen of May, friends,
On this our wedding-day, friends,
Our choice none can gainsay, friends,
To the castle then away!

Jean. [From the window.] Thanks, dear friends, and neighbours, I will come down instantly and prepare for the festival! yes, ere scarcely an hour has passed, shall your grateful Jeannette join you at the castle of Martigue, where the Baillie is this day to bestow the prize that brings with it a husband!—heigho! [Aside.] I wish Lucas was here.

Bail. [From the window.] Why you cantankerous jades and scoundrels! what an outcry is here; is there no more respect due to the Baillie of Martigue, but you must come with your villainous throats, and break those slumbers so necessary for the peace of the whole nation; egad, you rogues, directly I've bid you good morning to my nightcap, and slipt into my slippers, I'll make a terrible example of some of you, I warrant me. Ah, Jeannette, darling, good morning to you.

Jean. Good morning to your worship, I hope your cough is better.

Bail. Charming, charming! how handsome she looks! pretty rosebud; how I shall like to wear her in my bosom; you know what to-day is, you little rogue: to-day, if you behave yourself well, will give you a thousand crowns and a husband; yes, yes, both are in the gift of the Baillie of Martigue; for my wife, thank heaven, died a week ago; aye, aye, you have a husband ready for you girl,—egad, I must go and prepare myself. Here, Marie, boil me an egg or two! and Francois, bring my gown and razors;—good-bye, Jeannette, I shall soon be ready; off you rogues, do you hear me? no more bawling, or the beadle shall give you something to bawl for.

[Exit from the window.

Vil. You will not fail to join us, Jeannette?

Jean. No, dear neighbours; in an hour, unless any thing occurs, I shall be all ready. [Jeannette retires from the window and Villagers exeunt singing Chorus.

Come, neighbours, haste away, &c.

Enter LUCAS, L.

Lucas. What a breather—a plague take all hills, I say;—I've had a pretty decent fag this morning—twenty miles since five—a forced march, as we say in our regiment, but the sight of my native village, and my dear Jeannette's cottage, repays me for all my toils. I wonder whether she's up—I've a great mind to fire a shot on the knocker, by way of bringing the garrison to a capi-

tulation ;—eh ! why the door opens—by all my hopes of promotion, Jeannette appears ;—I'll fall back, as we say in the ranks—lye in ambuscade, and wait for an opportunity of making a charge. [retires to back ground.]

Enter JEANNETTE from Cottage, L.

Jean. Heigho ! another year has passed, and still no tidings of Lucas ;—foolish boy, why did he leave his native village, where he was so secure and happy, to plunge into all the dangers of war ?—but he was always so daring, so heroic: if any rats were to be killed, any bulls went mad, or any wolf attacked the flocks, he was always the first to meet them ;—any thing for glory, and to win my poor heart !—I dare say, if he isn't killed, they've made a captain of him; yes, I'm sure they have, for he always obeyed the word of command so well; ah, if he was but here now, I'd open my arms, and cry “eyes right, quick march,” and then he'd rush into them—

Lucas. To be sure he would, close up to the breast-works as we say in a seige. [embracing her.]

Jean. Mercy on me ! Lucas !

Lucas. Jeannette.

Jean. How you have frightened me.

Lucas. I always obey the word of command you know,—but come, Jeannette, I must have a smack. [kisses her.]

Jean. Fie ! Lucas ;—what are you about ?

Lucas. Saluting, as we say at parade.

Jean. How military he's grown; but, dear Lucas, who would ever have thought of seeing you here ?—why did you go away ? where have you been ? and what have you done ?—how did you obtain leave of absence ? and what brings you here ?

Lucas. Plenty of questions, as we say at a court martial ;—but however, I'll answer them : you shall have a bulletin of all my proceedings, before you can cry fire !

Jean. Oh, Lord ! Lucas, how you frighten me.

Lucas. Don't be alarmed,—a mere flash in the pan ;—I forgot that you have never smelt powder, as we say in the magazine. But to keep time, orderly time, in my narrative, I left the village because I was tired of it ;—in other words, I left it for love of you, variety and glory. I didn't like my quarters at home—I aspired to nobler things,—longed to exchange the pitchfork for the bayonet ;—I was tired of drilling the sheep, flanking the

goats, charging the pigs, slaughtering the poultry, making war on the crows, and bringing up the rear rank of the cows! so I listed—stuck a cockade in my cap, and followed the drum—committed prodigies of valour, and covered myself with dust and glory ;—didn't you read in the newspapers how the brave Sergeant Lucas, in such a battle, surrounded such and such a regiment—killed half of them—took the other half prisoners,—wounded the remainder, and made all the rest surrender at discretion.

Jean. Lord no, Lucas, but how was I to see a newspaper? there never is but one in the village, and that you know belongs to the Curé.

Lucas. Well, never mind, these things are mere smoke to some of my achievements. Our last battle was a very hard and fatiguing one, for the enemy run away and left us to run after them; as for me, I got made an officer, for attacking and destroying a large quantity of their provisions; for the present, having put an end to the war, I've returned to make you an officer's lady, as we say at the town balls.

Jean. Oh! gracious! have you, Lucas? then I shall be called Lady Sergeant Lucas.

Lucas. Yes; its promotion, as we say in the gazette.

Jean. How I'll march to church.

Lucas. Aye, and I'll march with you, quick march! and I don't care how soon; but, I say, Jeannette, what's the village in such a bustle for this morning?

Jean. Oh, its the fête of the Rosière.

Lucas. The fête of the Rosière, is it?

Jean. Yes; when you know the prettiest and most virtuous girl in the village, has a garland of white roses bestowed upon her, which entitles her to name the object of her choice, and receive a thousand crowns.

Lucas. If that's the case, you and I shall be richer in the evening than we are now, as we say when we're plundering a town!

Jean. Perhaps we may, Lucas, perhaps we may; I've a scheme in my head that may do wonders for us.

Lucas. 'Gad, how handsome you look, Jeannette, I must fire another salute on your lips, as we say in camp.

Jean. Positively, Lucas, I will not suffer it.

Lucas. Then I must fight my way, as we say in battle; —make ready, present, fire. [while *Lucas* is kissing her, *Baillie* enters from *Chateau*.

Enter BAILLIE, L.

Bail. Come, chickabiddy, come, rosebud—[*Seeing Lucas.*] hoity-toity, hoity-toity, what's all this?—Jeannette kissing with a great horse-trooping dragoon!—here's doings!—here's virtue scandalized!—here's modesty put to the blush!—here's hypocrisy exposed!—oh! I must interfere here, I see; yes, by the virtue of my office, must I! the Bailie of Martigue cannot suffer such scandalous proceedings to defile the face of open day, without calling in the aid of stocks and whipping posts!—who are you, fellow?—who is this swaggerer, this trumper, this ravisher of kisses, Jeannette?

Jean. Lord, your worship, don't you know?—only my brother just returned from the wars!

Bail. From the wars?—why he seems to be in the wars now, for he's attacking you. But I never heard you had a brother; I hope you don't intend to cozen me with your relations, girl?—you seem very fond of your sister, soldier.

Lucas. Yes, sir, very fond of her;—bless her little heart I love her dearly;—I should like to be on duty here all my life, as we say in garrison—never desert my post—always stand firm.

Bail. Well, as you are her brother, you've just come in time to give your consent to my marriage with her.

Lucas. What! your marriage with Jeannette?—death and destruction! as we say in the artillery. Jeannette, how is this?

Jean. Oh, its very true, brother, his worship is going to bestow upon me to-day the garland of the Rosière, which entitles me to a thousand crowns and the object of my choice, Lucas, and then I've promised to consider his worship's pretensions, and take pity on him.

[*She looks archly at him and crosses to L.*

Lucas. Here's a blow up, as we say among the bombs, that an old rascal like that, who ought to be put on the superannuated list, as we say at head quarters, should dare to lay siege to you, and that you should surrender without a battle.

Jean. No, I surrendered at discretion

Lucas. 'Tis false, there's no discretion in it;—I'll bring you to a court martial—I'll put you in the black hole, as we say at barracks; but I won't give in—I'll make an attack on the enemy, yes, I will. Hark'ye, you vile usurper— you Kouli Khan— you Timour the Tartar—

how dare you have the impudence to lay claim to another man's property ?—retreat you villain ! retreat ! or damme if I don't attack you sword in hand—I'll cut you in half and give you no quarter.

Bail. Oh, Lord ! oh, Lord ! here's a desperate dog !

Jean. Don't be afraid of him, your worship, he's only angry at my going to be married, for he wants me to die an old maid.

Lucas. No, damme if I do ! oh you jade, you baggage ! you,—you,—you catamaran you ;—muskets and mustachios, as we say at drill ;—I'll bring you to the halberts —no I won't, for then I should bring you to the sergeant ! sergeant Lucas of the 12th hussars ; and I am determined not to have any thing to do with you ;—heigho ! I'm paralysed—I'm knocked down—I'm cut up—I've got my brains blown out—I'm mad—I'm lost—I'm taken prisoner—I'm defeated, as the enemy say.

Bail. Defeated !—oh, then curse me if I don't attack him ;—I'll bluster a bit—I will as I am Baillie of Martigue ! [aside.] Hark'ye, fellow, do you know who I am ?

Lucas. Yes, I've reconnoitred you, as we say in the lines,—you're a spy in spectacles !

Bail. A spy, fellow ! I am an officer of the court !

Lucas. Well ; and I'm an officer of the camp,—I'm sergeant Lucas, as we say at muster ; and what then ?

Bail. Why, I'll bring you to corporal punishment, villain !

Lucas. What ! corporal punishment ?—bring a sergeant to corporal punishment ?—let me go, Jeannette—I'll kill him—I'll make mincemeat of him ;—let me go, Jeannette.

Bail. No, don't Jeannette

Lucas. Let me loose.

Bail. No ; hold him tight.

Lucas. But he's not worth powder and shot, as we say in recruiting.

Bail. No, I'm not, so don't fire at me.

Lucas. I'll run him through the ribs with my ramrod, and then blow him into his own chateau with a brace of goose shot.

Bail. Oh, Lord ! oh, Lord ! don't—I'll go into my chateau without. Here's a desperate dog !—when was the Baillie of Martigue ever treated thus ?—never mind him, Jeannette,—I'll bid you good-bye, rosebud,—I'll go.—

Jean. Oh ! do your worship,—I'll soon find means to bring him round when you are gone.

Lucas. You will, will you, Miss Jeannette,—I question that very much!—I'm not so easily taken in, as we say at manoeuvring.

Bail. Remember the thousand crowns, lily flower—remember the garland of the Rosière, and above all, don't forget your husband.

Jean. I'll not forget, your worship.

Lucas. Be off, you old scoundrel.

Bail. Oh, Lord ! yes, I'm going,—I—I—I'm gone.

[Exit into Cottage.]

Jean. Lucas ! [coming coaxingly towards him.]

Lucas. Oh ! you secret mine ! you deserter ! you breaker of treaties ! as we say in war ! [sulkily.]

Jean. Ha ! ha ! ha !—why you jealous, stupid creature.

Lucas. You may laugh—but it's no laughing matter, as we say in action ! to spring such a mine as this, to blow up my happiness ;—I never could have thought it of you, Jeannette ;—I wish I'd been killed in battle the last time I defeated the enemy.

Jean. Why you surely cannot think that I mean to marry that old teasing fool of a Baillie ?

Lucas. Why, what am I to think ?

Jean. That you're a blockhead, who can't see through a plot a child might unravel ;—why you stupid jealous-pated creature, couldn't you conceive that my object in giving the Baillie hopes, was only to secure the prize of the thousand crowns from one I despise, to bestow it on one I love.

Lucas. May I believe you ?—you an't making a false signal, are you ?—is it indeed so ? then I'm a soldier again ;—egad, I'm so happy—I could dance on a drum-head, or cut through the enemy's ranks for fun —this should be honoured with a salute of twenty guns. [going to kiss her.]

Jean. Yes, but not now, madcap, we shall be observed ; for the present you must retire—this evening you can meet me again.

Lucas. At what hour ?

Jean. Eight o'clock.

Lucas. Where ?

Jean. Under the oak tree there.

Lucas. I'll obey orders, my dear little commander-in-chief !—yes, yes, I'll obey orders, and in the meantime I'll

see after the ammunition, as we say at Mess ;—look to the baggage that I mayn't forget you, and speak a few words to the parson, as we call the chaplain ;—for if you get your prize-money from the Rosière here, and I get my prize-money from Paris, we shall be as rich as kings, and happy as queens—so good-bye, good-bye,—mind, eight o'clock, be on the qui vive, as we say on guard. [Exit Lucas, c. F.

Jean. There he goes, bless him !—oh, I'm so happy he has returned ; but dear heart, how I have idled the time away,—I shan't be able to go to the castle, no matter, the prize will, I know, be mine ;—to wile away the moments, till I again meet my Lucas, I will resort to my spinning wheel—my constant friend.

BALLAD.—JEANNETTE.

AIR.—“Partant pour la Syrie.”

My spinning wheel on plain and green,
My faithful friend has ever been ;
When Lucas comes and tells his lo
And swears by all the powers above,
In hopes to gain the fond reply,
I blush to make, yet know not why ;
Oh ! then my passion to conceal,
I fastly turn my spinning wheel.

[the sound of harps heard without.

Jean. Hey ! I hear the sound of harps ;—some wandering minstrels come this way ;—troubadours as I live, how noble their gait—how elegant their attire ;—let me withdraw to the door of my eottage ;—dear heart, what handsome men.

Enter PRINCE and JOCONDE, disguised as Troubadours, c.F.

Joc. What a lovely scene is here, my friend ;—how soft are the breezes—how bright the skies !—the gentle murmur of the waters—the balmy breathing of the flowers—the melodious warblings of the birds—all conspire to harmonize my heart ;—I forget the crimes of cities—the falsehood of Edile, and am only alive to the beauties of nature. Methinks as I gaze around me, that the golden age is arrived—that we are once more in Arcadia.—Does it not strike you so, Prince, as you contemplate the charms of the landscape and the innocent shepherdesses that adorn it ?

Prince. No ; for I recollect that wherever there are

shepherdesses, there too are shepherds,—but we waste that time in moralizing, which should be spent in adventure;—we have not started a petticoat yet;—let us strike our harps and endeavour to attract the notice of some of the maidens of this village.

Joc. We have no occasion, here I already behold one—and alone too!—how fortunate!—She is at her spinning wheel,—what a delightful subject for our first essay.

Prince. Charming!

Joc. Let us haste to salute her.

Prince. Ah! we will not lose a moment.

Joc. My dear.— [advancing towards Jeannette.]

Prince. My love!—his dear, indeed. [aside.]

Jean. Your honours. [curtesying.]

Joc. What means the gaiety that now exists in the village?

Prince. Ah, what does it mean, my sweet girl?

Jean. It is the fête of the Rosière.

Joc. I have heard of this fête;—surely one so pretty as yourself, cannot fail of obtaining the prize.

Prince. Oh, no, impossible!—for where can we find one more charming, more pure than you?—how plaguey forward Joconde is,—there's no edging a word in any way for him. [aside.]

Joc. Do you not long to obtain the rose which will at once bestow on you a fortune and a husband?

Jean. I do, indeed, your honours.

Prince. I suppose you have already some chosen youth in your eye?

Jean. Oh, yes, that I have. [looking significantly.]

Joc. Why zounds! she means me; [aside.]—yes, yes, that she has,—I am the favoured youth.

Prince. [aside.] Oh! I have made an impression on her already.

Joc. So charming a girl must have many admirers?

Jean. I have only two.

Prince. No more?—oh, yes you have,—in me you behold one.

Joc. Aye; and in me, sweet girl;—I have seen you but for a moment, and already I have loved you an age!

Prince. I have loved you twenty ages!—your beautiful image dwelt in my heart before I knew you, and never till this moment did I recognize its original!

Joc. And I—yes, yes, I was born in love with your

idea, and shall die in despair, unless I am blessed with its personification. Curse it, how warm he is, [aside.] —what is your name, sweet innocence ?

Prince. Aye, what is your name, bright loveliness ?

Jean. Jeannette, your honour.

Joc. Jeannette!—it is a charming one !

Prince. Charming!—zounds! it is a heavenly one !

Joc. Are you fond of music ?

Prince. Yes, do you love music?—but I know you do.

Jean. I adore it!—it delights!—it transports me !

Joc. Adores music;—delights—transports her;—a pretty compliment to a musician;—ah, she's smitten with me!—its all over with her. [aside.]

[*The Countess and Edile appear as gipsies at the back of the scene.*

Count. They are here, and have begun by times;—see, already they are attempting to wile away that innocent girl. Oh! the villains!—but we will be a match for them presently;—stand close, my dear Edile, and let us observe them further. [aside to *Edile*,

Prince. [aside.] As she loves music, she cannot be indifferent to its professors.—Oh! that I had a lay that would command a kiss from her lips. What can I present her with preparatory to the gift of myself?—ha! this locket of the worthless Edile—it cannot be better bestowed. Deign, charming shepherdess, to accept this humble homage to your charms;—it may sometimes prevent your forgetting him, who will never cease to remember you.

Jean. How beautiful!—how costly!

Joc. [aside.] Ha! a gift!—have I no present?—no trinket?—confusion!—stay, 'tis here, the scarf of Mathilde;—he must not be before hand with me;—accepting his present, charming girl, you surely will not refuse mine.

Jean This is even more elegant than the other;—they look like bridal gifts.

Prince. They were intended for such;—I carried that locket off merely to convince a foolish fellow, for whom it was intended, how fruitless any attempt was to be accepted, where I chose to offer myself; and for that very purpose I now present it to you. [pointedly.]

Joc. That is exactly my case;—but some coxcombs are not to be convinced if they are ever so often defeated

Jean But will not the lady be angry at your parting with her gifts?

Prince. Angry?—ha! ha! ha! that's of very little consequence;—neither her anger nor her favour are worth a moments consideration.

Joc. I'm sure I may say so with mine, a forward minx.

Count. [aside.] I can bear no longer! deceitful creatures!—Let us interrupt them, Edile—I shall die if I hear more. [coming forward.]

Jean. Ha! the gipsies are coming this way,—they come from Bohemia, and generally visit us about this time of the festival;—will you not have your fortunes told? I mean to have mine told;—they tell very true. Welcome, good folks, welcome; you are going to give us a song as usual, I suppose?

Count. Yes, 'ant please you, cross the poor gipsy's hand with a bit of silver, and we'll tell you all you wish.

BALLAD.—COUNTESS.

AIR.—“Barcarole in Massaniello.”

Come cross the wondering gipsy's hand,
Though young, I'm old in magic lore;
All nature's secrets I command,
Then learn your fates and doubt no more.
By card and planet I can tell,

Yes! yes! yes! yes!

All you think concealed so well;
I read the magic book of fate,

Yes! yes! yes! yes!

And every thing that's past relate.

Yes, lady, all that is to come,
Within your tea-cup I can read;
Can tell you who you love indeed,
And who it is loves you—but mum!

I know where hidden treasures lie—
Each lucky moment I can tell;
If you a lottery prize would buy?
Or would to great advantage sell?
For silver strait I'll give you gold,

Yes! yes! yes! yes!

Then cross my hand be wise and bold
Like love I know each hidden flame,

Yes! yes! yes! yes!

And will reveal your sweetheart's name.
Then come, young men, and maidens come,
I'll cast my spells and read the past,
Will tell you who 'twas kiss'd you last,
And who will kiss on next—but mum!

Jean. I will be a customer, at all events ;—come into the cottage, good woman, I have a sixpence there that I have hoarded up for you ever since Christmas ;—come along.

COUNT. [aside.] Now then to expose these swains of ours, and put this poor girl on her guard against them.

[*Exeunt Jeannette, Countess, and Edile, in Cottage.*

Prince. Well, Joconde, we begin famously ;—a very charming girl !—this affair you will of course leave to me ?

Joc. Why so ?

Prince. My rank I should think entitles me to the preference, were there no other consideration.

Joc. Your rank !—that I should think would be the very reason why you should resign her to me. Surely, you as a prince, should not condescend to have any thing to do with a peasant girl ?—with me now the case is quite different.

Prince. Very true ; what you observe is very true ;—but then I always happened to have a very great partiality for any thing pastoral : I was always extremely fond of shepherdesses ;—I like innocence you know, there's something so poetical and uncommon in these country love affairs ;—their simplicity delights me ; therefore, my dear fellow, you'll oblige me for once by not interfering in this petit amour.

Joc. I'm extremely sorry, Prince, I cannot comply with your wishes ; but I too happen to have a great partiality for shepherdesses ;—I, like you, am always particularly enamoured with innocence and all that.

Prince. Then you won't yield your pretensions ?

Joc. Positively not !

Prince. I love this girl, and will not resign her but with life !—You understand me, I presume ?—I need not speak more plainly.

Joc. Certainly not ;—I love her too—but I won't cut my friend's throat for her ;—no, no, that will be carrying the joke too far. Come, come, Prince, let us have reason with our rhyme ;—you know we have discarded rank, —we are simply troubadours—we must forget all the distinctions of the world and rest on our own merits, it was our agreement ere we set out ; and besides the question is not which of us is to love her, but which of us she loves, and that she alone can answer.

Prince. Another might answer it—perhaps as well as she ; it is a question I should think very easily decided.

Joc. Why, yes, I believe there need be no great hesitation in setting that at rest ; but no matter, it will certainly be the more rational method to let her choice decide it,—my heart is touched I own, but not so desperately that I want your sword run through it.

Prince. Well, well, be it so, it may be better.

Joc. She comes ; mind now, we rest on our own simple merits ;—no advantage is to be taken on either side ;—if you can persuade her to love you, well and good ; if not, so much the better.

Enter JEANNETTE, from Cottage.

Well, Jeannette, charming Jeannette, what have the gypsies told you ?

Prince. Ah, what have they told you ?

Jean. Oh ! such a deal, and every word true, I'm sure.

Joc. Let's hear, there's a dear girl ! Heavens ! what a soft hand is this ! [pressing her hand.]

Prince. [aside.] Curse him !—but he's always so forward, and this— [pressing the other.]

Joc. My lips must press it. [kisses her hand.]

Prince. And mine. [kissing the other.]

Jean. Dear, your honours you'll eat my hand up.

Joc. Well, but what did the gipsies say ?

Prince. Ah, what did they say ?

Jean. Why they told me—

Joc. Ah !

Prince. Yes !

Jean. They told me that the man at my right hand—

Prince. That's me !—Ah, what of the man at your right hand ?—

Joc. Yes, what of him ?

Jean. That he was—

Joc. Yes ;—a great rogue !—

Prince. To be your lover !—

Jean. No ; that he was a Prince, and a very gay deceiver !

Prince. Oh, the devil !

Joc. Ha ! ha ! ha ! they've found him out ;—oh, poor Prince, how silly he looks. [aside.]

Prince. [aside.] Curse it ! these gipsies do sometimes strangely stumble on the truth ;—and what else did they tell you ?—did'nt they tell you something about this fellow too ?

Jean. Oh, yes, they did ; they told me that the man at my left hand—

Prince. Ah, the man at your left hand—what of him ?

Joc. Yes, what of him ?—now for it !

Jean. Why that he was a nobleman called Joconde, and worse, if possible, than his companion.

Prince. Ha ! ha ! ha ! he's detected too.

Joc. Those gipsies are a couple of wicked young baggages.

Jean. Oh, no, they're not—for they told me I shouldn't believe a word either of your said, for that you were two of the most notorious rakes in all France.

Joc. All false ! all false !—the gipsies hav'nt told you one word of truth, Jeannette.

Jean. Oh, yes, I'm sure they have ;—why your looks convict you—you have all the signs of deceivers about you.

Joc. Nay, nay, Jeannette, my friend here indeed has been a little gay, but for myself I can assure you I'm a perfect mirror of chastity and constancy.

Prince. He a mirror of chastity and constancy ?—why that fellow, sweet girl, would deceive a saint—he'd beguile a whole army of Monks, and ruin a convent of nuns, before they knew where they were. I, if you please, am a very different sort of person.

Jean. Nay, you are both alike—I'll believe the gipsies.

Joc. Indeed you need not ; but come, Jeannette, dear charming Jeannette, let us drop this odious subject ;—were I ever so capable of deceiving, I could not injure you ! the ardent love you have inspired me with — the passion, the tenderness I feel for you—

Jean. Dear, your honour, don't squeeze my hand so ?

Prince. Ah ! how can you squeeze the girl's hand in that manner ? I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself.

Jean. Nay, Sir, you are as bad !

Joc. [Aside.] The devil doubt him.

Prince. Am I, my love ? I implore ten thousand pardons—impute it to my affection ;—but tell me, sweet girl, you will dance with me at the festival ?

Joc. Aye, Jeannette, you will dance with me at the festival.

Prince. You'll excuse me, Sir, but I asked first.

Joc. Well, Sir, and I asked second,—what then ?

Prince. Nothing !—Jeannette shall decide it ;—your choice, my charmer, which is to be the happy man.

Joc. Aye, Jeannette, which is it?—don't be afraid to speak out.

Jean. La! your honour, indeed I cannot tell which.

Joc. Why this embarrassment? Surely you cannot be insensible to my passion?

Prince. Nor mine?

Jean. Oh, no, you press me so warmly, it is impossible to be insensible;—really I don't know what to say you are both young.

Joc. Yes, I'm only just turned one-and-twenty.

Prince. And I am just of age.

Joc. Don't believe him;—never mind appearances—he's a great deal older than he looks—he'll be as grey as a badger in another twelvemonth.

Prince. S'death, Sir! what mean you?

Joc. Why, you know you are rather old.

Jean. Then you're both very handsome.

Joc. Do you think so?—she's an excellent taste. [*aside.*]

Prince. A devilish sensible girl, upon my soul! [*aside.*]

Jean. And then you both appear extremely accomplished.

Prince. I flatter myself, that on my part, appearances are not deceitful. Could you but hear my harp, in your praise—

Joc. Or mine!—I taught him.

Prince. Were I but your partner in the dance—

Joc. Or I;—he's apt to have the cramp.

Jean. No doubt you would both excel—I am convinced of it, and only regret I cannot have both. To decide in favour of one, when both are deserving, is painful, yet I must do so.

Joc. Who is it?

Prince. Ah! who is it?

Jean. I cannot name him, but a hint will be sufficient;—the man I love will meet me in this arbour this evening at eight o'clock. [*significantly looking by turns at each.*]

Joc. This arbour;—I knew it was me;—lucky Joconde—unfortunate Lysander!

Prince. She has fixed upon me—this is the arbour. How could Joconde think she would choose him?—I will be punctual as time, my love. [*aside to Jeannette.*]

Joc. You may rely on me, Jeannette; I'll be there to the moment. [*aside to Jeannette.*]

Jean. Well, then gentlemen, you will, for the present, excuse me; we shall see each other again. Re-

member, eight o'clock, and now, farewell;—you know which arbour I mean? [significantly.]

Joc. Oh! yes, yes, farewell!

Prince. Farewell! the man you love won't fail to meet you, I warrant him. [Exit Jeannette, in cottage.] Joconde thinks he is the man;—how he'll be disappointed. [aside.]

Joc. [aside.] The Prince is finely taken in. Prince, will you excuse me for half an hour or so—I've a little business hard by. I must separate from him. [aside.]

Prince. Oh! certainly, with the greatest pleasure.—I've a little engagement myself—I wanted to get rid of him. [aside.]

Joc. We shall meet by-and-bye, you know, when I've settled my business,—good-bye. I shall trick him famously; [aside.]—you won't want me?

Prince. By no means;—good-bye, take care of yourself. [Exit Joconde, R.—] I'm glad he's gone—I shall have her all to myself; I'll just go and get a little refreshment, and then for my appointment;—the time will soon arrive. [Exit, L.]

Enter COUNTESS and EDILE, R.

Count. Jeannette has played her part admirably!—the plot thickens; but we must increase their perplexity;—yes, Edile, we must still further entrap them for daring to doubt our sincerity;—the Baillie must now lend his assistance.—Call him out;—Mr. Baillie! Mr. Baillie!

[calling.]

Enter BAILLIE from Chateau.

Bail. Eh! what?—why what's all this?—can I never eat a capon in peace?—Eh! gipsies! oh! the hussies! the baggage! away! off! vanish! or I'll send you both to prison directly;—yes, yes, I'll tell your fortunes for you—I'll reveal your fates with a witness to it! Hark'ye, hussies, you shall both be put in the stocks for not foretelling that they were waiting unoccupied for you.

Count. Oh, your worship, we've discovered such a plot.

Edile. Yes, your worship, we've discovered such a plot.

Bail. Eli! a plot?—what plot?—not a plot to steal my poultry or seduce my pigs, I hope?

Count. You're ruined, your worship.

Bail. Ruined!—oh! Lord! oh! Lord! I hope not!

—Let me see, where's the key of my strong box? oh! all safe, so am I, therefore how can I be ruined, hussies? Eh! tell me that; come, come, no equivocation; reeollect you are now before the Baillie of Martigue, who carries pumps, stocks, whipping posts, and prisons, in his very looks;—one word of equivocation, and you're cooped up for three months.

Count. Well, then, your worship, there's a plot to carry off a woman.

Bail. A what?—Eh—a woman? Pshaw! that's nothing—I should'nt care if they were all carried off; I was afraid some of my hens were in jeopardy, or that two or three of my pigs had strayed into the pound,—but how, hussies, how?

Count. Why didn't your worship observe two very ill-looking fellows lurking hereabouts this afternoon, in the habit of minstrels?

Bail. Minstrels? yes now I reeollect, I did sure enough,—two very ill looking fellows indeed; almost as fiercee as that cursed brother of Jeannette.

Count. Jeannette, did your worship say? Why she is the very person we're speaking of!

Bail. Eh! Jeannette?

Edile. Yes, your worship, those two pretended minstrels have laid a plot to run away with her this very evening at eight o'clock.

Bail. Ah! run away with my Jeannette? — oh! the villains! the ravishers! the Trojan Paris's. If I lose her, I shall lose a thousand crowns! — oh, lord! oh, lord! — I'll go and raise the country—call up the posse eomittatus, and hang them on a gibbet fifty feet high; — I thought by their looks they were after no good; — but I'll take care of them. There, hussies, there, take that — there's some silver for you. [*Gives money.*] No, no, I don't want my fortune told. Go home and bless my bounty, and be merry. By rights I ought to have had you whipped, you know you're terrible offenders; — the deaths of a great number of pigs and poultry lie at your door; — are you never haunted at night by the ghosts of the geese you have murdered, and the apparition of the linen you have stolen? — but I'll forgive you, so away with you — I'll take care of the rogues.

Count. You must make haste, your worship, for it's very near eight now.

Bail. I'll take care, I warrant me.

Count. Pray have no mercy on them, for they are shocking fellows;—they mean to pass themselves off—the one as the Prince of Provence, and the other as his friend Joconde.

Bail. They do, do they?—I'll soon make them tell another story, never fear.

Count. That's right, your worship, punish them well!

Bail. Leave me alone for that;—aye, aye, I'll teach them to trifle with authority in this way. [Exit, L.

Count. Excellent! but we have not done yet, we must still lurk about to see the finish of all this;—hey! here comes Jeannette,—away, my dear Edile. [Exeunt, Countess and Edile, —R.—Stage gets gradually darkened.

Enter JEANNETTE, L.

Jean. It grows dark—it must be near eight, I'm sure! and then my dear Lucas is to meet me here;—hark, there's the bell striking now, [clock strikes eight.] one, two, three, —its eight! Lucas will soon be here. [retires to Cottage.

Enter PRINCE, L.

Prince. [aside.] Eight o'clock;—I am to my time—here is my arbour;—poor Joconde,—he may wait in the other long enough,—here I anchor. [retires to Arbour, L.

Enter JOCONDE, .

Joc. [aside.] Where is Jeannette? It is the hour and here's the place;—how stupid of the Prince to think of rivalling me. [retires to Arbour, R.

Enter LUCAS from back.

Lucas. 'Tis time I mounted guard;—where's my comrade?—hist, Jeannette! [calling.

Joc. [aside.] Ah, there's the Prince calling her;—it won't do, my fine fellow.

Prince. [aside.] Surely that is Joconde,—his impudence exceeds every thing.

Lucas. Jeannette! Jeannette! [calling.

Prince. Calling again? I must look sharp;—Jeannette! [calls.

Joc. I musn't let him have all the calling to himself—'tis time I began.—Jeannette! [calls.

Lucas. [aside.] Eh! the watchword running along the lines, scouts abroad, as we say on the look out; I must challenge them. Who goes there?

Enter JEANNETTE from Cottage.

Jean. 'Tis Lucas's voice—he calls me!

Joc. I

[whispering.]

Prince. I!

[whispering.]

Lucas. And who the devil is I—I—I?—perhaps that old fool of a Baillie. But where can Jeannette be?—
Jeannette!

[calls.]

Joc. Curse that Prince, Jeannette!

[aside.]

Prince. The devil take that Joconde, Jeannette!

[aside.]

Lucas. Jeannette!

[calling.]

Jean. 'Tis Lucas's voice;—here—here.

Prince. Where?

Joc. Where?

Lucas. Where? [Jeannette meets Lucas.] Ah! here?—give me the countersign, as we say when relieving.

[aside.]

Jean. Lucas.

[aside.]

Lucas. All's right—now then to salute.

[kisses her.]

Joc. Confusion! the Prince has got hold of her and is kissing her; I shall go mad!

[aside.]

Prince. That treacherous Joconde has deceived me—has betrayed me;—how I envy him those kisses. I must cut his throat, that's certain!

[aside.]

Lucas. My love! my life! I must have another kiss—must salute again before we march.

[kisses her again.]

Joc. Oh! curse that fellow! how sweet he is upon her.

[aside.]

Prince. I shall certainly die with vexation.

[aside.]

Jean. Fie! Lucas;—but let us away, we are surrounded by dangers—we must not remain here,—hark! I hear footsteps; this way. [Exeunt Lucas and Jeannette, R.]

Enter BAILLIE and SERVANTS, L.—cautiously.

Bail. Where are they, I wonder?—back, rogues; remain behind till I call.

[aside]

Prince. I can contain myself no longer—I'll rush upon them—tax them with their perjury, and take a dreadful retribution.

[aside.]

Joc. If I cannot have her; I'll take care the Prince sha'n't—I'll spoil his sport at all events.

[aside.]

Bail. Why where can they be? [Prince and Joconde grope about; stumble on Baillie and seize him.]

Prince. Ha! have I caught you, perfidious villain?

Joc. False woman is this your promise?

Bail. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!—murder!—here, Louis! Francois! Bertrand! I'm strangled! I'm killed!—they want to carry me off!—here they are! here are the assassins! the ravishers! Seize them! bind them! knock

them down! bear them away! the villains, bear them away!

Enter SERVANTS with lights.

Joc. I am thunderstruck!—the Baillie!

Prince. Confusion!

Enter COUNTESS and EDILE, R.

Count. Aye, aye, your worship! have them borne away;—put them in the deepest dungeon you have; you see we told you true;—oh, they are terrible fellows,—they'd have run away with the whole village next.

Enter LUCAS, R.—with pitchfork.

Lucas. Want to carry off my Jeannette;—zounds! I'll take care of them;—I'll stand sentinel at their prison door, and if they do get away, it shall be with this pitchfork in their bodies, at all events.

Bail. Seize them!

Prince. Stand off!

FINALE, (Omnes.)

AIR.—“Henri Quatre.”

Bail.

Wretches, who would on sacred justice trample,
I'll make of you a terrible example.

Yes, quickly bear these tinkling dogs away,
Dearly shall they the piper pay;

Bear them away—the traitorous rascals bind
Great Baillie hear!

Prince & Joc.

In vain you rogues, you plead,

Justice is deaf, you'll find, as well as blind,
You for example's striking sake must bleed.

Count. & Edile.

Shew them no mercy, Mr. Baillie, mighty Sir,
Let Jeannette's wrongs your righteous anger stir;

Doubt not!—my vengeance, Gipsies, shall be ample,
I'll make of them a rare example.

Bail.

Wretches that would on sacred Justice trample, &c.

Omnes.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a rustic stable; Joconde and the Prince discovered sleeping on some bundles of straw.—The scene rises to pastoral music, expressive of the break of day. Rustic sounds, &c.*

Joc. [awaking.] How confoundedly hard that hussey Ninon has made my bed; I must positively discharge her

if she goes on this way: one might as well lie in a bramble bush. Yes; I must positively discharge her.

Prince. [awaking.] Here, Louis! bring my morning gown; and tell Claude to get the chocolate ready. Curse those cocks! there's no obtaining a wink of sleep for them;—I'll have them all killed to-morrow.

Joc. Yaw, aw! I must take another turn.

Prince. Yaw, aw! one good turn deserves another.

[*They mutually stretch and turn themselves on the straw; in doing which they roll off, and tumble against each other with great force.*]

Eh! why what the devil is this?

Joc. Prince?

Prince. Joconde, why where are we?

Joc. Not in a palace, that's for certain.

Prince. Pooh! I am suffocated with a thousand villainous savours of dunghills and colts! here, Louis, my essence box!

Joc. Ha! ha! ha! Prince, you forget our adventure of last night with the pretty Jeannette.

Prince. Jeannette: oh, the little cozening baggage! —i'faith, Joconde, sleep had totally obliterated it from my memory;—truly now we cut a very pretty figure—cooped up like a couple of colts in this delicate stable.

Joc. Well, at all events its an airy situation.

Prince. Oh, yes, quite cool, and—no, I can't say comfortable—plaguey unlucky the interruption of that fool of a Baillie.

Joc. Yes, for you, Prince.

Prince. Nay, nay, for you, Joconde. Methinks, by the fervour of those kisses you imprinted on the lips of the pretty Jeannette, your happiness must have been complete.

Joc. Kisses!—this is unmanly, Prince, to add derision to disappointment. If I had any hearing or know what the sound of a kiss is, you were giving them to Jeannette by scores;—yes, yes, I must confess you got the start of me, therefore forbear to deride me further.

Prince. Ha! my veracity impeached; Joconde, this I cannot put up with;—I forgive your supplanting me with the girl, tho' it was unfriendly;—and a breach of our agreement; I also forgive your mean attempt to conceal it, by denying your success, and the derision with which

you have treated my disappointment; but an attack upon my honour I cannot forgive!—draw, Sir.

Joc. Oh! Sir, if that's your amusement, I am in no humour to disappoint you. Come on, Sir.—Why, zounds! I have no sword!

Prince. Confusion!—I forgot we were disarmed last night.

Joc. 'Tis perplexing, i'faith; but as we're prevented fighting, suppose we have a few words together?

Prince. Words,—we've had words enough.

Joc. Did you, or did you not, meet with the pretty Jeannette last night?

Prince. No; on my honour.

Joc. 'Tis plain then, we are both cozened—the hussey has deceived each of us, and while we were mutually execrating each other's good fortune, some more lucky dog was revelling on those kisses we imagined were reserved for us alone.

Prince. It must be so; forgive my warmth, Joconde;—how I should like to see the rascal whoever he is.

Joc. So should I.

Prince. Oh! that he were standing before me now.

Enter LUCAS through door, c. f.

Lucas. How d'ye do?—there you are, as we say to the morning drum.

Prince. Who the deuce are you, fellow?

Lucas. Your guard of honour; I've stood centinel all night at the door with my pitchfork—didnt you hear me snore?

Prince. You shall snore your last, you scoundrel, if you do not instantly shew your back.

Lucas. Shew my back?—oh, no, that will never do, as we say in the field.

Prince. Begone, Sir! instantly, or—

Lucas. What mutiny against your commanding officer!—that's death! as we say at a court martial. Stand back! or—

Prince. Zounds! fellow, do you know who I am?

Lucas. No great things;—no better than you should be, as we say of the contractors.

Prince. Then know, fellow, that I am the Prince of Provence.

Lucas. Prince of Provence! then you have got a good

birth of it, as we say of the Paymaster;—and pray, Sir, who are you? [to Joconde.] I suppose you are my Lord Lackland, or the Duke of Dumps, or the Archbishop of Iceland? I hope you've an appetite for breakfast this morning: you'll find plenty of hay and straw here, as we say when foraging.

Joc. 'Sdeath! I am on racks!

Prince. Oh, no: we're not on rack's yet, tho' we are devilish near them; but the impertinence of this fellow tortures me more than fifty racks could do! Unless I am speedily released, I shall be in agonies.

Joc. Cheer up, my dear fellow: here comes relief, though in rather an ugly shape.

Enter BAILLIE with VILLAGERS, C. F.

Prince. The Baillie! the remedy is worse than the disease!
[aside.]

Bail. Well, ragamuffins! well, culprits! what have you to say, that sentence should not be pronounced upon you this very morning? that you shouldn't be hanged, drawn and quartered: don't you know, criminals, that you have committed petty larceny, in running away with a woman?—one too that belongs to the Baillie of Martigue, which makes it high treason.

Prince. We did not run away with her.

Bail. But you intended it—it's all the same in law.

Joc. Neither does she belong to you.

Bail. But she will: and that's the same thing in equity; but I must examine you;—here, clerk, take down the proceedings.—Hem! in the first place—who the devil are you?

Lucas. Please your worship, this fellow says he's a Prince: and this chap swears he's a bishop.

Bail. I knew they would: oh! they're notorious malefactors! a bishop, eh! felony without benefit of clergy.

Lucas. Yes; they must run the gauntlet, as we sergents say.

Bail. Hey! who is this? Ah! a messenger from court!

Enter MESSENGER, C. F.

Mes. A letter for your worship.

Bail. Give it me, youth: hum! hum! official!

Prince. A letter from the court! official! perhaps contains our sentence!—we shall be hung without judge or jury.

Joc. The affair wears an awkward appearance : we must bribe this fellow.—Hush ! he reads.

Bail. [reading.] Hum ! “ exalted situation—suspend all further proceedings—see it carried into immediate execution.”

Joc. What ! ‘ exalted situation!—suspended!—further proceedings—carried to immediate execution !’ oh ! we shall certainly be hanged ! we must bribe this fellow.—Hark’ye, master Baillie, we are in your power : but however, you may disbelieve us, we are not what we seem.

Bail. No, no, that you ar’n’t, I warrant me ; those minstrels’ disguises cover plenty of villainy.

Joc. Be we what we may, here lies the point ; let us depart, and two well filled purses shall be your reward.

Bail. Eh ! what ! two well filled purses ? Oh ! the villains ! attempt to bribe the Baillie of Martigue !—here, Louis ! Francois ! seize these fellows ! take all their money away ! Oh ! the villains ! attempt to corrupt the Baillie of Martigue !—here, give it me, I’ll take care of it : let us get out of temptation as fast as we can. [takes purses.

Prince. What a consummate scoundrel !—what an infernal scrape we have got into !

Bail. Two well filled purses, upon my word ; very few magistrates would have resisted this : oh ! what a blessing it is, to have such an impartial incorruptible member of justice as myself in a village : I must keep these safe to prevent their doing further mischief ; [pockets them.] now then, rogues ! hark’ye, Caitiffs ! know that I have in my great care, slept over your case all night : and having received notice that the Countess of Martigue and her friend Edile, mean to honour our festival to-day with their presence ; to add to the variety of amusements prepared for them, I have determined you shall be punished before them.

Joc. The devil

Prince. Uncommonly pleasant, upon my soul !

Bail. However, as I am inclined to shew you all possible favour, on occasion of the festival, I shall mercifully permit you to choose your own punishment ;—you shall either have your backs tickled for some hours, or to qualify your legs for dancing—you shall pass the afternoon in the stocks.

Prince. I can bear no longer lead me directly to the Countess ; if she does not acknowledge me to be, as I have said, the Prince of Provence, I am content to en-

dure any punishment you can inflict upon me: and if she does, I demand my liberty, and vengeance on those who so falsely have accused me.

Joc. And I the same.

Bail. Here's the world turned upside down: here's perversion of rank and dignity: the criminal demanding and commanding the judge.

Enter EDILE, C. F.

Edile. Oh! pray your worship, let them go: I'll undertake the Countess won't know any thing at all about them.

Prince. You will, will you?

Joc. Why this is one of those cursed gipsies that exposed us to Jeannette,—oh! the hussey!

Bail. It shall be so: I'll take them at their words:—bring away those knaves, bring them along: and do you hear? get the whipping post and stocks ready.

Joc. We are content to undergo the ordeal:—the tables will soon be turned to your confusion!

Bail. What are they muttering? Bring them along, the rascals!—bring them along!

[*Exeunt Baillie, Joconde, Prince, Edile, and Villagers, c. F.*

Lucas. Aye, aye: do you lead the van, your worship, and I'll bring up the rear, as we say on a march. Yes, yes: I must go and look after Jeannette: the Baillie has selected her to receive the garland of the Rosière: she has promised to make me her field marshal, and we are to be married this very afternoon. Well, I hope we shall be happy; but I must run the chance of that, so here goes.

[*Exit c. F.*

SCENE II.—*An ornamental garden, prepared for the Festival of the Rosière.* A terrace runs along the back, in the middle of which is erected a temporary triumphal archway.—On the left of the stage is an orchestra prepared for musicians; on the right a canopy with seats.

Enter BAILLIE, PRINCE, JOCONDE, LUCAS, c. F.

Bail. Bring them along! bring them along! the rascals!—where is the Countess?—oh! here she comes: now 'hen for it; now then, rogues!—all your villainy will soon be finely exposed.

Enter Countess and Edile, c. f.

Count. Good-morrow, Mr. Baillic,—who have we here?—some offenders?

Prince. Hang me, if I can't ashamed to address her, and yet, if I don't, I shall be hanged: [Aside.] Countess —Mathilde—

Bail. Hold your tongues, scoundrels! hold your tongues! herc's impudence! please your mightiness; these are two most graceless dogs—most *flagrant* malefactors, who have the audacity to pretend that they are intimately acquainted with your grace.

Count. What! acquainted with me?

Bail. Yes, your serenity: they say they are the Prince of Provence and his friend Joconde.

Count. Ah! the Prince of Provence! he is my intimate acquaintance

Prince. There, I told you so: Countess, Mathilde!

Count. Countess, Mathilde! indeed!—the fellow talks to me as if he was an old acquaintance! Why you surely won't pretend you know me? take them away Mr. Baillic: take them away, and pray punish them well.

Prince. Denied! spurned! I am confounded! this is not to be borne!

Joc. That cursed gipsy is the author of all our misfortunes; vile cozening wretch: let me at least unhood you that I may see—[*Unhooding Edile.*] Edile!

Edile. Yes, Edile are not you a pretty fellow to go scouring about the country, making love to every girl you meet? Is this your constancy, your affection?

Joc. Upbraided, faithless woman!—'tis I who should reproach: where was your constancy, your affection—when you yielded to the Prince, and bestowed that locket on him, which would have made me the happiest of men?

Edile. Let the Prince produce it.

Joc. Prince!

Prince. I have it not.

Joc. We are duped!

Prince. Yes; caught in our own trap. Mathilde, acknowledging my error, will you not acknowledge me?

Count. Why I don't know what to say: if Joconde would but give me up the scarf. [Ironically.]

Joc. Come, come, Countess; do not rally us too closely.

Count. Well, I believ'e I must forgive you, Prince.

Bail. [Aside.] Prince!—oh! lord! lord! its all up with me! they'll hang me without mercy!

Count. You have had a very handsome lesson

Prince. Though somewhat bitter to digest.

Count. I believe I must take pity ; look over your past follies, and bestow the scarf that has cost us so much. Come, Joconde, Edile will not be cruel, the locket will yet be yours.

Joc. How can we repay such kindness ?

Count. Amply, by being kind to us in return. Come, Prince, this is a general jubilee ;—every heart here keeps holiday : we must not form an exception ;—receive from me, the gift that bestows myself. [Prince and Joconde kneel —*Countess and Edile bestow the scarf and locket.*]

Prince. Words cannot express the thanks that are due to you : my gratitude must be a silent one, and speak itself in a future life of constancy and love.

Count. No more, Prince :—Mr. Baillie.

Bail. O ! lord ! oh ! lord ! its all up with me my time's come ! hanging will be too good for me ; [aside.] yes, your terribleship.

Count. Let the festival commence.

Bail. I will, your mightiness :—here's a come off. [aside.]

Joc. Stop, Mr Baillie ; will there be any occasion for our backs to be tickled with a whipping, and our legs qualified in the stocks ? or shall you be able to furnish sufficient amusement without.

Bail. Illustrious Sir ! magnanimous Prince ! you know that justice is blind, and therefore you won't wonder, if she for once, has committed a small oversight, and made herself a pair of spectacles of your sacred persons.

Prince. Ha ! ha ! ha ! 'tis a day of general amnesty : we must forget and forgive, you are a very vigilant officer.

Joc. Yes, a very incorruptible, impartial magistrate, and perfectly above taking a bribe : only I'll thank you to return our two purses.

Bail. Oh ! your lordships ! I beg your pardons ; I'd just put them into chancery for a short time.

Joc. Then be so obliging not to let it be long before they come out again ;—but come, now for the festival.

Prince. Who is the happy fair one, Baillie ? who is this day to be blessed with the garland of the Rosière.

Bail. Behold her my lord ! she comes !

Joc. Jeannette !

Prince. The charming Jeannette !

Count. Yes ; you have no objection, have you Prince ?

Prince. By no means : it gives me the greatest pleasure !

Count. I will procure her a husband :—with two such lovers as those she had last night ;—a husband methinks will not be unnecessary.

Bail. No, no ; egad, I must keep a sharp look out.

[aside.]

Music.—Enter JEANNETTE, with the elders of the village—the Maire, Curé, Gens d'armes, Musicians, banner Bearers, village lads and lasses, &c. in procession, R.

Count. Charming Jeannette : the Baillie has selected you as the fairest and most virtuous damsels, and this chaplet of roses, spotless and pure as yourself which the Prince will bestow upon you, entitles you to name the object of your choice, and receive the thousand crowns.

[*Music.—Jeannette kneels, and is crowned by the Countess.*]

Enter LUCAS, behind, L.—unobserved.

Lucas. There she is : she has got the garland !—now for it, as we say when we're drawing the trigger. Now for it !—egad, I'm all on half cock ! [aside.]

Jean. The object of my choice, dear lady, now stands before me. [significantly, observing Lucas.]

Bail. Aye, aye ; in putting the thousand crowns in her pocket, I'm putting them in my own. [aside.]

Jean. He knows my decision in his favour, my ladies, and only wait the word of command to rush into my arms.

Bail. No, no, he only waits the word, my lady.

Lucas. Eyes right ! make ready ! as we say. [aside.]

Jean. Object of Jeannette's affections stand forward and claim your bride !

Bail. Here I am, duekey : here I am ! ehiekabiddy.

Lucas. To the right about, old gentleman !—fall back two deep ! as we say.

[coming forward and turning Baillie round.]

Bail. Oh, lord ! oh, lord ! that cursed hussar ! Oh ! I shall be cut out, I see quite clear.

Lucas Now, my dear little love, surrender for life, as we say ; yield to your faithful Lucas ; enlist in the ranks of matrimony, and let my arms be your head quarters, till the last drum beat to a general muster.

Jean. Dear, dear, Lueas !

[they embrace.]

Bail. So! he isn't her brother after all? Oh! my poor thousand crowns!—I'm tricked at last!—I'm bamboozled! foiled!

Prince. Not so: do not cloud your gaiety: though I cannot supply the loss of Jeannette—a thousand crowns I can supply:—come, come, we must have no sorrow on a day like this, I will make up all!

Bail. Will you, my Lord?—Oh, if I get the thousand crowns, any one who will, may have Jeannette;—come, lads and lasses, let the dance begin.

Prince. Aye, aye, be seated all.

FESTIVAL.

Prince, Countess, Joconde, Edile, Lucas, and Jeannette, seat themselves. Village lads and lasses perform various dances, and conclude with forming an emblematical device in honour of Jeannette.

Prince. [rising.] 'Tis well: friends, I commend your pains—let us now to the castle. May our errors be forgiven, now that they are over! long may we smile at the follies of Joconde: and long may we meet the friends around us at the festival of the Rosière!

AIR.—“*Au Clair de la Lune.*”

May each returning year, friends,
Still see our Rosière;
And virtue still, as here, friends,
The wreath of merit wear.
Your favour our renown, friends,
Be not our labour lost;
Your praise our joy will crown, friends,
And well repay each cost!

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